ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church, Company, villanous company hath bene the ſpoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdie ſong, make me merry. I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a gentleman neede to bee, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic't not aboue ſeuen times a week, went to a bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fat, ſir Iohn, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, ſir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the lanterne in the poope, but t'is in the noſe of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, ſir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my othe ſhould bee, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the ſonne of vtter darkeneſſe. When thou ranſt vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wilde-fire, there's no purchaſe in mony. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlaſting bone-fire light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the ſacke that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the deareſt Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two & thirty yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnt.

How

How now, dame
yet who pickt my
Hoſ. Why ſir I
I keepe theeues in
haz my husband
the tight of a hair
Falſ. Ye he,
haire: and Ile be
woman, go.
Hoſ. Who I? N
in mine owne hou
Falſ. Go to, I
Hoſ. No, ſir I
ſir Iohn, you owe
rell to beguile me
backe.
Falſ. Doulas,
kers wiues, they h
Hoſ. Now as
owe mony here b
and mony lent yo
Falſ. He had
Hoſ. He? alas,
Fal. How? po
them coyne his no
nyer: what, will y
eaſe in myne Inne
ſeale ring of my g
Hoſ. O Ieſu! I
oft, that that ring
Falſ. How? th
were here, I woul
Enter the P
pl
Falſ. How nov
all march?
Bar. Yea, two
Hoſ. My Lor